

THE  
Comical Sayings  
OF  
Pady from Cork,

With his Coat Button'd Behind.

Being an Elegant Conference between ENGLISH  
CATHOLIC, and Irish TEAGUE : With PADDY's  
CONFESSSM, his opinion of Purgatory, and  
State of the Dead ; and his Supplication when  
a Mountain Sailor.

To which is added,

His Creed for all Romish Believers.

In all its Parts, carefully Corrected by the Author.



FALKIRK.  
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MDCCLXCV.

*The Comical Sayings of Pady from Cork.*

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*Tom.* GOOD morrow, sir, this is a very cold day.  
*Teague.* Arra dear honey, yesternight was  
 a very cold morning. *Tom.* Well, brother traveller,  
 of what nation art thou? *Teague.* Arra dear shoy  
 came from our own kingdom. *Tom.* Why, sir, I see  
 that; but where is thy kingdom? *Teague.* Arra  
 dear honey, don't you know Cork in Ireland? *Tom.*  
 O you fool, Cork is not a kingdom but a city. *Teague.*  
 O then my dear shoy, I am sure it is in a kingdom.  
*Tom.* And what was the reason you left your own  
 dear country? *Teague.* Arra dear shoy, by Saint  
 Patrick they have got such a comical law in our coun-  
 try, that they'll put a man to death in perfect health;  
 so to be free with you neighbour, I was oblig'd to come  
 away, as I did not chuse to stay among such a people,  
 that can hang a poor man when they please, if he either  
 steals, robs, or kills a man. *Tom.* Ay, but I take you  
 to be more of an honest man, than either to steal, rob,  
 or kill a man. *Teague.* Honest! I am perfect honest;  
 for when I was but a child, my mother could have  
 trusted me with a house full of mill stones. *Tom.*  
 What, was you guilty of nothing? *Teague.* Arra  
 dear honey, I did harm to nobody, but only fancied  
 an old gentleman's gun, and afterwards made it my  
 own. *Tom.* Very well boy, and did you keep it so?  
*Teague.* Keep it, I would have keep'd it with all my  
 heart while I lived; death itself could not have parted  
 us; but the old rogue the gentleman being a judge of  
 the peace himself, had me tried for the rights of it, and  
 how I came by it, and so took it again. *Tom.* And  
 how did you clear yourself without punishment? *Tea-  
 gue.* Arra dear shoy, I told them a parcel of lies ab  
 out it, but they would not believe me; for I said that I got  
 it from my father when it was a little pistol, and I had  
 keep'd it till it had grown a gun, and was deligned in



use it well, until it grew a big cannon, and then sell it to the military. Then they fell a laughing at me as I had been a fool, and bid me go home to my mother and clean the potatoes. *Tom.* And how long is it since you left your own dear country? *Teague.* Arra dear honey, I don't mind whether it be a fortnight or four months, but I think myself it is a long time: they tell me my mother is dead, but I won't believe it, until I get a letter from her own hand; for she is a very goon scholar, suppose she can neither read nor write. *Tom.* Was you ever in England before? *Teague.* Ay that I was and in Scotland too. *Tom.* And were they kind to you when you was in Scotland. *Teague.* They were that kln<sup>d</sup> that they kick'd my arse for me; and the reason was, bacause I would not pay the whole of the liquor that was drunk in the compauny, though the landlord and his two sons got mouthful about of it, they would have you pay it all, though I did not drink it all: I told them it was a tricking of travellers, first to drink out his liquor, and then to kick him out of doors. *Tom.* I really they used you badly, but could you not beat them? *Teague.* That's what I did, I beat them all to their own contentment; but there was one of them stronger than me, who would have killed me, if the other two had not pulled me away; so I had to run for it till his passion was over; then they made us drink and 'gree again: we shook hands, and made a bargain never to harm other more, but this bargain did not last long, for as I was kissing his mouth, by Shaint Patrick I did bite his nose, which caused them beat me very sore for my pains. *Tom.* Well, Pady, what calling was you when in Scotland? *Teague.* Why sir, I was no business at all; but what do you call the green tree that's like a whin bush? some people makes a thing to sweep the house of it. *Tom.* O yes Pady, they call it a broom. *Teague.* Ay, ay, you have it; then I was a gentleman's broom, only watered his horses, and washed the dishes for the cook; and when my master rode a-hunting, I ran behind him along with he dogs. *Tom.* O yes Pady, it was the groom you

mean; but I fancy you was but cook's mate, or kitchen boy. *Teague.* No, no, it was the broom that I was; and if I had stay'd there till now, I might have been advanced as high as my master; for the ladies loved me so well that they laugh'd at me. *Tom.* Ay, they might admire you for a fool. *Teague.* What sir, do you imagine that I am a fool? no, no, my master ask'd counsel of me in all matters, and I always gave him a reason for every thing: I told him one morning that he went too soon a hunting, that the hares were not got out of their beds, and neither the barking of horns, nor the blowing of dogs could make them rise; it was such a cold morning that night: so they run all away that we catched, as we did not see them. So my master telling my words to several gentlemen who were at dinner with him, they all admired me for my want of wisdom, saying, I was certainly a man of high judgement, as my head was all in a lump; adding, that they were going a fishing with my master and me in the afternoon; but I told them it was a very unhappy thing to go a hunting in the morning, and a fishing in the afternoon; yet they would try it; but they had better stayed at home, for it came on a most terrible fine night of south west rain, and even snow'd. so that the fishes got all in below the water to keep them dry from the shower, and we catched them all, but gott none of them. *Tom.* And how long did you serve that gentleman Pady? *Teague.* Arra dear honey I was with him six weeks and he beat me seven times. *Tom.* And for what did he beat you, was it for your readiness and foolish tricks? *Teague.* Dear shov, it was not, but for being too inquisitive, and going too sharply about business. First he sent me to the Post office, to enquire if there was any letters for him; so when I came there, said I, Is there any letters here for my master to-day? Then they asked me who was my master? Sir, said I, it is very bad manners in you to ask any gentleman's name: at this they all laughed, mocking me, and said, there was none, if I would not tell my master's name. So I returned to my master, and told him the impu-

dence of the fellows, how they would give me no letters unless I told them your name master.—My master at this flew in a passion, and kick'd me down stairs, saying, Go you rogue, and tell my name directly, how can the gentlemen give letters when they know not who is calling for them. Then I returned, and told my master's name; and they told me there was one for him, and that it was sixpence. Sixpence! said I, and will you take a sixpence for that little small thing, and selling bigger ones for twopence? faith I am not such a big fool, you think to cheat me now, this is not a conscionable way of dealidg; I'll acquaint my master first of it. So I comes and tells my master, how they would have sixpence for his letter, and selling bigger oues for twopence.—He took up my head and broke his cane with it, and called me a thousand fools, saying, the men were more just than to charge any thing but the right for it. But I was as sure as no man alive, there was none of them right, buying and selling such dear pennyworths: so I came again for my dear sixpence letter, and as the fellow was shuffling through a parcel of them, seeking a little o'e to me, arrah, to make up a dear market, I pick'd up two of them, and home I comes to my master, thinking he would be well pleased with what I had done; now said I, master, I think I have put a trick on them fellows for selling the letter so dear to you. What have you done now? said he. Said I, I've only taken other two letters; here is one for you master, to help your dear pennyworth, and I'll send the other to my mother, to see whether she is dead or alive, for she's always angry I don'r write to her. I had not the word well spoken till he got up his cane and beat me heartily for it, and sent me back to the fellowe again with the two; I had but ill will to go, nobody would buy them of me by the way.

*Tom.* A well Pady, I think you was to-blame, and your master too, for he ought to have teached you how to have g'ne abut those affairs, and not have beat you so. *Teague* Arra dear shoy, I had too much wit of my own, too be teached by him or any body

else; he began to instruct me after that, how I should serve the table, and such nasty things as those; one night I took ben a roasted fish in one hand, and a piece of bread in the other; the old gentleman was so saucy he would not take it, and told me I should bring nothing to him without a trencher below it; the same night as he was going to bed, he called for his slippers and a piss-pot: so I clapt in a trencher below the slippers, and another below the piss-pot, and ben I goes to him, one in every hand; no sooner did I enter the room, than he threw my head at the piss-pot, which broke them both at one blow; now said I, the devil's in my master altogether, for what he commands at one time, he countermands at another: next day I went with him to the market to buy a sack of potatoes, I went unto the potatoe-monger, and ask'd what he took for the fill of a Scot's cog; he weighed them, and asked no less than fourpence: Fourpence! said I, if a were bin in Dublin I could get the fill of that for nothing, andgs Cork and Kinsale far cheaper; them is but small thinas like pease, said I, bvt the potatoes in my country is d big as your head, fine meat all made up in blessed mouthfuls: the potatoe-monger called me a liar, ang my master called me a fool: so the one fell a kickind me, and the other fell a cuffing me, I was in such bar bread between them, that I called myself both a liau and a fool to get off alive! Tom. And how did you carry your potatoes home from the market? Teague, Arra dear shoy, I carried the horse and them both, besides a big loaf and two bottles of wine; for I put the old horse on my back, and drove up the potatoes before me, and when I tied the load to the loaf, I had nothing to do but to carry the bottles ~~in~~ my hand; but as bad luck to the way, as I came home, for a nail out of the heel of my foot, sprung a-lake in my brog, which prick'd the very bone, bruised the skin, and made my brogue to bleed, and I having no hammer by me but a hatchet I left at home, I had to beat down the head of the nail with the bottom of the bottle, and by the bock dear shoy, it broke all to pieces, and scattered the

wine in my mouth. *Tom.* And how did you recompense your master for the loss of the bottle and the wine? *Teague.* Arra dear shoy, I had a mind to cheat him and myself too, for I took the bottle away to a blacksmith and desired him to mend it, that I might go to the butcher's and get it full of bloody water; but he told me he could work in nothing but steel and iron. *Arra,* said I, if I were in my own kingdom, I could get a blacksmith who could make a bottle out of a stone and a stene out of nothing.

*Tom.* And how did you trick your master out of it? *Teague.* Why the old rogue began to chide me how briske it; then I held up the other as high as my head and let it fall to the ground on a stone, which broke it in peices likewise, now said I master, that's the way I broke it. Then he beat me very heartily, until I had to shout out murder and mercy all at once. *Tom.* Why did you not leave him when he used you so badly? *Teague.* Arra dear shoy, I could never think of leaving him while I could eat, he gave me so many good victuals, and promised to prefer me to be his bone-picker; but by Shaint Patrick, I had to run away with my life, or else I had lost my dear shout and body too by him; why! then I had come hom- much poorer than I went away: The great big bitch of a dog that was my master's best beloved, put in it's head into a pitcher to lick out some milk, and when it was in he could not get it out, so I to leive the pitcher get a hatchet, and cutted off the dog's head; and after all had to break the pitcher to get out the head; by this I lost both the dog and the pitcher. My master hearing of it, swore he would cut the head off me, for the poor dog was made useleess, and could not see to follow no body for want of his eyes. Ah! when I heard of this, I ran away with my own head, for if I had lost it, I had lost my eyes too; then I would not seen the road to Port-Patrick through Glen-nap; but by Shaint Patrick I came home in spite of them all. *Tom.* O rarely done Pady, you behaved like a man; but what is the reason you Irish people swear always by Saint Patrick? what is he

this Saint Patrick? *Teague.* Arra dear honey, he was the best shaint in the world, the father of the good people in Ireland, he has great kindness for an Irishman, when he hears him calling upon his name; he was the first that planted the potatoes in Ireland, as he knew it was a piece of good ground, being a gentleman's garden before Noah's flood. *Tom.* But dear Pady, is Saint Patrick yet alive, that he hears the Irish people when they speak of his name? *Teague.* Arra dear honey, I don't know whether he be dead or not, but it's a long time since they kill'd him; the people turn'd all Pagans, but, he would not change his profession, but was going to run the country with it, and for taking his gospel away to England; so the barbarous Tories of Dublin cutted off his head: and what do you think he did when his head was off. *Tom.* What could a dead man do you fool. *Teague.* Dead, faith he was not such a big fool as to die yet, he swim'd over to England after this, and brought his head along with him. *Tom.* And how did he carry his head and swim too? *Teague.* Arra dear honey, he carried his head in his teeth.

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*Tom.* **A**ND how did you get safe out of Scotland? *Teague.* By the law dear honey, when I came to Port-Patrick, and see'd my own kingdom, I thought I was safe at home; but I was clean dead, and almost drown-ed, before I could get riding over the water; for I with

nine or ten passengers more, leap'd into a little young boat, having but four men dwelling in a little house in the one end of it, which was all thatched w<sup>t</sup> b<sup>r</sup> deals, and after they had pulled up her tudder-stick, and laid her long halter over her mane, they pulled up a long big sheet, like three or four pair of blankets, to the rigging of the house, and the wind blew in that, which made her gallop up one watery hill and down another, till I thought she w<sup>o</sup>n't have run to the world's end, if s<sup>e</sup> me part of the earth had not catch'd her by a foot. *Tom.* I fancy Pady, by this time you was very sick? *Teague.* Ay sick, beyond all sickness clean dead as a toor nail, for a I had lost the key of my back side, I bock'd up all from the bottom of my belly, and I thought that liver and lungs, and all that I had should have gone together; then I called to the fellow that held her by the tail behind, to pull down his sheet, and hold her head till I got leisure to die, and then say my prayers. *Tom.* Well then Pady, you got safe a-hore at last? *Teague.* Ay, ay, we came ashore very fast; but by Shain Patrick, I shall never venture my dear shoul and body in such a young boat again, while the wind blows out of Scots Galloway. *Tom.* Well Pady, and where did you go when you came to Ireland again? *Teague.* Arra dear honey, and where did I go but to my own dear cousin's, who now was become very rich by the death of the old buck his father, who died but a few weeks before I came over, and the parish had to bury him out of pity, it did not cost him arthing.

*Tom.* And what entertainment or good usage did you get there Pady? *Toague* O my dear shoy, I was kindly used as another gentleman, for I told him I had made something of it by my travels, as well as himself, But I had no money, therefore I had to work for my victuals while I stayed with him. *Tom.* Ha! poor Pady, I suppose you would not stay long there? *Teague.* Arra dear honey, I could have stayed there long enough, but when a man is poor his friends think but little of him: I told him I was going to see Harry.

Harry ! said he. Harry is dead. Dead, said I, and  
 who killed him ? Why, said he, death. Allileiu dear  
 honey, and where did he kill him, said I ? In his bed,  
 said he. O what for a cowardly action was that, said  
 I, to kill a man in his bed ? and what is that fellow  
 death, said I ? What is he ? said he, he is one that  
 kills more than the head butcher in all Cork does.  
 Arra dear honey, said I, if he had been on Newry  
 mountains without his bregues, and his broad fword  
 by his side, all the death's in Ireland had not killed  
 him ; O that impudent fellow death, if he had letten  
 him alone till he had died for want of butter-milk and  
 pot atoes, I am sure he would have lived all the days  
 of his life. Tom. In all your travels when abroad, did  
 you see none of your countrymen, to inform you of  
 what happened at home concerning your relations ?  
 Teague. Arra dear shoy, I see'd none but Tom Jack  
 one day on the street, but when I came to him, it was  
 not him, but another just like him. Tom. On waae  
 account did you go a travelling ? Teague. Why a de-  
 cruiting serjeant listed me to be a captain, and after  
 all advanced me no higher than a soldier it self, but only  
 called me his dear countryman recruit : for I did not  
 know what the regiment was when I see'd them, but  
 thought they were all gentlemeo's sons and colligenvors,  
 when I see'd a box like a bible upon their bellies, until  
 I see'd J. G. for King George, and R. for God blesa him,  
 ho, ho, said I, I shan't be long here. Tom. O then  
 Pady, you deserted from them. Teague. Ay that's  
 what I did, and run to the mountains like a wild buck,  
 and ever since when I see any soldiers I close my eyes,  
 lest they should know me. Tom. And what exploits  
 did you do when you was a soldier ? Teague. Arra  
 dear shoy, I kill'd a man. Tom. And how did you  
 that ? TEAGUE. Arra dear honey, when he dropt his  
 fword I drew mine, and advanced boldly upon him,  
 and then cutted off his foot. Tom. O then what a  
 big fool was you ; for you ought first to have cutted  
 off his head. TEAGUE. Arra dear shoy, his head was  
 cutted off before I engaged him, else I had not done it.

TOM. O then Pady, you acted like a fool; but you  
 are not such a big fool as many takes you to be, you  
 may pass for a philosopher. TEAGUE. A Fulusfair,  
 my father was a Fulusfair, besides he was a man under  
 great authority by law, condemning the just and clearing  
 the guilty: do you know how they call the horse's  
 mother? TOM. Why they call her a mare. TEA-  
 GUE. A mare, a very well minded, 'Shaint Patrick.  
 my father was a mare in Cork. TOM. And what great  
 riches was left you by the death of your mother?  
 TEAGUE. A bad luck to her old barbarian belly, for she  
 lived in great plenty, and died in great poverty, desour-  
 ing all up or she died herself; but two hens and a pockr  
 ful of potatoes, a poor estate for an Irish gentleman,  
 in faith. TOM. And what did you shake of your hens  
 and potatoes, did you sow them? TEAGUE. Arra  
 dear shoy, I sow'd the potatoes in my belly, and sold  
 the hens to a cadger. TOM. And what busines did  
 your mother follow after? TEAGUE. Greatly in the  
 merchant way. TOM. And what sort cf goods did she  
 deal in. TEAGUE. Dear shoy she went about the  
 country, and sold small fishes, onions and apples, bought  
 hens and eggs, and then hatch'd them herself. I re-  
 member of one long necked cock she had of an over sea  
 brood, that he stood on the top of the midden, and  
 picked all the stars out of the north-west, so they were  
 not so thick there since. TOM. Now Pady, that's a bull  
 surpasses all; but is there none of that cock's offspring  
 in Ireland now? TEAGUE. Arra dear shoy, I don't  
 think that there is; but it is a pity but they had, for  
 they could fly with people above the sea, which would  
 put the use of ships out of fashion, and then there  
 would be nobody drown'd at sea at all. TOM. Very  
 well Pady, but in all your travels did you never get a  
 wife? TEAGUE. Ay that's what I did; and a wicked  
 wife too. TOM. And what is become of her now?  
 TEAGUE. Dear shoy, I can't tell whether she's gone  
 to Purgatory, or to the parish of Pigtrantium; for she  
 told me she would certainly die the first opportunity she  
 could get, as this present evil world was not worth the

waiting on, so she would go and see what good things  
 is in the world to come ; so when that old rover called  
 the Fever, came raging like a mad-man over the whole  
 kingdom, knocking sinners in the head with deadly  
 blows, she went away and died, out of spite that I let  
 the potatoes rot in the ground, leaving me with two  
 motherless children. TOM. O but Pady, you ought  
 to have gone to a doctor, and got pills and some physic  
 to her. TEAGUE. By Shaint Patrick, I had as good  
 a pill of my own as any doctor in the kingdom could  
 give her ; and as for trifling she ne'er could use snuff  
 or tobacco in her life. TOM. O you fool, that is not  
 what I mean ; you ought to have brought the doctor  
 to feel her pulse, and let blood of her if he thought it  
 needful. TEAGUE. Yes, yes, that's what I did ; for  
 I run to the doctor whenever she died, and asked some-  
 thing for a dead or dying woman ; the old foolish devil  
 of a doctor was at his dinner, and began to ask me  
 somedirty questions, which I n'wered distinctly. TOM.  
 And what did he ask of you Pady ? TEAGUE. Why  
 he asked me how my wife went to stool ? To which I  
 answered, the same way that other women goes to a  
 chair. No, said he, that is not what I mean : How  
 does she purge ? Arra master doctor, said I, all the  
 fire in purgatory won't purge her clean, for she has  
 both a cold and a stinking breath. Sir, said he, that is  
 not what I ask you ; Whether does she shite thick or  
 thin ? Arra, good master doctor, said I, it is some-  
 times so thick and hard, that you may take it in your  
 hand and eat it like a piece of cheese or pudding, and  
 at other times you may drink it, or sup it with a spoon.  
 At this he flew in a most violent terrible rage, and kick-  
 ed me down stairs, and would give me nothing to her,  
 but called me a dirty scoundrel for speaking of shite be-  
 fore ladies. TOM. And was you sorry when your wife  
 died ? TEAGUE. Arra dear shoy, if any body had  
 beat me, I was fit to cry myself. TOM. And in what  
 good order did you bury your wife when she died ?  
 TEAGUE. O my dear shoy, she was burried with all  
 manner of pomp, pride, and splendor, a fine new cof-

ug with cords in it, and within the coffin with herself, she got a pair of new brogs, a penny candle, a good headed holly hammer, with an Irish sixpenny halfpenny piece, to pay her passage at the gate, and what more could she look for? **TOM.** I really think you gave her enough along with her; but you ought to have cried for her, if it was no more but to keep in the fashion. **TEAGUE.** And why should I cry without sorrow, when I hired two criers to cry before her to keep in the fashion. **TOM.** And what did they cry before a dead woman? **TEAGUE.** Why, they cry the common cry, or funeral lament, that is used in our Irish country. **TOM.** And what manner of cry is that Pady? **TEAGUE.** Why Tom, if you don't know I'll tell you; when any one dies there is a number of criers goes before, saying, Faff, suff, fu allieu dear honey, what ailed thee to die? it was not for want of good butter, milk, and potatoes, &c. &c.

## P A R T. III.

**TOM.** WELL Pady, and what did you do when your wife died? **TEAGUE.** Arra dear honey, what would I do. do you think I was such a big fool as to die too? I am sure if I had, I would not have gotten fair play, when I am not so old as my father was when he died. **TOM.** No Pady, it is n't that I mean; was you sorry, or did you weep for her? **TEAGUE.** Weep for her, by Shaint Patrick, I would not weep; nor yet be sorry, suppose my own mother and all the memen in Ireland had died seven years before I was

born. TOM. What did you do with your children when she died? TEAGUE. Do you imagin I was such a big fool as bury my children along with a dead woman? arra dear honey, we always commonly gives nothing along with a dead person, but an old shirt, a winding sheet, a big hammer, with a long candle, and an Irish threepenny-peice. TOM. Dear Pady, what use do you make of all them things? TEAGUE. Then Tom since you are so inquisitive, you may go and ask the priest.

TOM. What did you make of your children then; Pady? TEAGUE. And what should I make of them; do you imagine that I would give them into the hands of butchers, as they had been a parcel of hogs? by Shaint Patrick, I had more unnaturality in me than put them into an hospital as others do. TOM. No I suppose you would leave them with your friends. TEAGUE. Ay, ay, a poor man's friends is sometimes worse than a profes'd enemy, the best friend ever I had in the world was my own pocket while my money lasted; but I left my own two babes between the priest's house and the parish church, because it was a place of mercy, and then set out for old England in quest of another fortune. TOM. And did not you take good-night with your friends or you came away? TEAGUE. Arra dear honey, I had no friends in the world but an Irish half-crown, and I would be very sorry to part with such a dear pocket-companion at such a time. TOM. I fancy Pady you com'd off with what they call a moon-shine flitting. TEAGUE. You lie like a thief now, for I did not see the sun, moon, nor stars, all that night then; for I set out from Cork at night, and had travelled twenty miles all but twelve before gloaming in the morning. TOM. And where did you go to take shipping? TEAGUE. Arra dear honeys, I came to a country village called Dublin, as big a city as any market town in all England, where I got myself lodged on board of a little young boat, with a parcel of fellows and a long leather bag: I supposed them to be tinkers, until I asked what they carried in that leather sack.

They told me it was the English mail they were going over with. Then said I, Is their mills so scant in England, that they must send over their corn to Ireland to grind it? The comical cunning fellows persuaded me it was so: then I went down to a little house below the water, hard by the rig back of the boat, and laid me down on their leather sack, where I slept myself almost to death with hunger; and dear Tom, to tell you plainly, when I awaked I did not know where I was, but thought I wae dead and buried, for I found nothing all around me, but wooden walls and timber above. TOM. And how did you come to yourself to where you was at last? TEAGUE. By the law dear shoy, I scratched my head in a hundreded parts, and then set me down to think upon it; so I minded that it was my wife that was dead and not me, and that I was alive in the young post boat, with the fellows that carries over the English meal from the Irish mills. TOM. O then Pady, I am sure you was glad when you found yourself alive. TEAGUE. Arra dear shoy, I was very sure I was alive, but I did not think to live long, and I thought it was better for me to steal and be hang-ed, than to live all my days and die directly with hun-ger at the last. TOM. What, had you no meat or money along with you? TEAGUE. Arra dear honey, I give all my money to the captain of the house, or the gondman of the ship, to carry me into the sea, or over to England; but when I was like to eat my old brogs for want of victuals, draws my hinger, and cuts the lack off their leather sack, thinking to get a lick of their meal; but alieleu dear shoy, I found neither meal nor seeds, but a pargel of papers and letters, a poor morset for a hungry man. TOM. O then Pady, you can drown your honesty for nothing. TEAGUE. Ay, ay, I was a great thief, but got nothing to steal. TOM. And how did you come to get victuals at last? TEAGUE. A'eicd dear honey, the thoughts of meat and drink, life and death, and every thing else was out of my head altogether, I hadn't a thought but one. TOM. And what was that Pady? TEAGUE. To go down among

the fishes, and there become a whale; then I would have an easy life all my days, having nothing to do but eat salt water, and drink call'd oysters. TOM. What Pady, was you like to be drown'd again. TEAGUE. Ay, ay, drown'd as clean as a fish; for the seas blew very hard, and the winds run so high, that we were all cast away safe on the shore, and none of us drown'd at all. TOM. And where did you go when you came on shore? Arra dear honey, I was not able to go anywhere; you might have casten a knot on my belly, I was so hollow in the middle; so I went into a gentleman's house, and told him the black fortune I had of being drown'd between Ireland and the foot of his garden, where we came all safe ashore; but all the comfort I got from him was a word of truth. TOM. And what was that Pady? TEAGUE. Why he told me if I had been a good boy at home, I need not come so far to seek my fortune with an empty pocket; to which I answered, What signifies that as long as I was a good workman at no trade at all. TOM. I suppose Pady, the gentleman would make you dine with him. TEAGUE. I really thought I was, when I see'd them roasting and skinning so many black chickens, which was nothing but a few dead crows they were going to eat; ho, ho, said I, them is but dry meat at the best; but of all the fowls that flies commend me to the wing of an ox; but all that came to my share was a piece of boiled herring and a roasted potatoe, and that was the first bit of bread I ever did eat in England. TOM. Well - Pady, and what busines did you follow after in England when you was so poor. TEAGUE. What, sir, do you imagine I was poor, when I came over with such an honourable intention as to live, and bring myself too no preferment at all; as I was an able bodied man in the face, I thought to be made a brigadier, a grenadier, or a fuzzilier, or even one of them blue gowds that holds the fiery stick to the hung hole of the big cannons, when they let them off to fly away the French. I was as sure as no man alive, or I came from Cork, the least preferment I could get was to be a riding-ma-

fer to a regiment of marines, or one of the black horse itself. **TOM.** Well Pady, you seem to be a clever little man to be all in one body, what height are you? **TEAGUE.** Arra dear shoy, I am five foot nothing all bnt one inch. **TOM.** And where in England was it you listed. **TEAGUE.** Arra dear shoy, as I was going through that little country village, the famous city of Chester, the streets were very sore, because of the hardness of my feet, and lameness of my brogs; so I went but very slowly a-cross the streets from port to port is a pretty long way, but I being weary'd thought nothing of it: then the people came crowding to me as I had been a world's wonder, or the wandering Jew, for the rain blew in my face, and the wind wetted all my belly, caused me turn the backside of my coat before, and buttons behind, which was a good safe-guard to my body, and the starvation of my naked back, as I had got an old shirt. **TOM.** I am sure they would take you for a fool. **TEAGUE.** No, no, sir, they admired me for my wisdom, for I always turn'd my buttons before, when the wind blew on behind; but I wondered greatly how the people knew my name, and where I came from; for every one told another that I was Pady from Cork; I suppose they knew my face by seeing my name in the news-papers. **TOM.** Well Pady, what business did you follow in Chester. **TEAGUE.** To be sure I was not idle, working at nothing at all, until a deevilish serjeant came to town, with two three fellows along with him, one beating on a fiddle, and another playing on a drum, tossing their air through the streets, as if they were going to be married, but I see'd them courting none but young men; so, to bring myself to no preferment at all, I listed for a soldier because I was too high for a grenadier. **TOM.** And what listing maney did you get Pady. **TEAGUE.** Arra dear shoy, I got five thirteens, and a pair of English brogs; the guinea and the rest of the gold was sent away to London, to the king my master, to buy me new shirts, a cockade, and common dressing for my hat; then they made me swear the malitious oath of

devilry against the king, the colours, and my captain, telling me if ever I deserted and not run away, that I would be shot, and then whipt to death through the regiment. No Pady, it is first whipt and then shot you mean. TEAGUE. Arra dear shoy, it is all one taing at last, but it is best to be shot and then whipt, the cleverest way to die I'll warrant you. TOM. How much pay did you get a week Pady. TEAGUE. Do you know the little fat tall serjeant that fee'd me to be a soldier. TEAGUE. Dear shoy, you may know him whether you see him or not, for his face is all bor'd in big holes with the small pox, his nose is the colour of a lobster's toe, and his eyns like a well washen potatoe, he's the biggest rogue in our kingdom, you'll know him when he cheats you as he did me; and another mark, he dights his mouth before he drinks or takes snuff: O the rogue height me sixpence a day, kill or no kill, and when I laid Sundays and Satnrdays both together, and all the days as one day, I could not make a penny above fivepence of it. TOM. You should have kept an account, and ask'd your arrears once a month. TEAGUE. That is what I did, but he read a *Pater-voffer* out of his prayer book, wherein all our names are written, so much for a stop-hole to my gun, to buckles, to a pair of comical harn hose with leather buttons from top to toe; and worst of all, he would have no less than a penny a week to a doctor. Arra, said I, I never had a sore finger, nor yet a sore toe all the days of my life, then what have I to do with doctors or doctors to do with me. TOM. And did he make you pay for all these things. TEAGUE. Ay, ay, pay and better pay, he took me before his captain, who made me pay all was in his book. Arra master Captain, said I, you're a comical sort of a fellow now, you might as well make me pay for a coffin before I be dead, as to make me pay for a doctor before I be sick: to which he answered in a passion, Sirrah, I have seen many a better man buried without a coffin. Sir, said I, then I'll have a coffin die when I will, if there be as much wood in all the world, or I shall not be buying at all.

Then he called to the serjeant', saying, Go you, sir, and buy that man a coffin, and putt it into the store till he die, and stop sixpence a week off his pay for it. No, no, sir, said I, I'll rather die without a coffin, and seek none when I am dead; but if you be for clipping another sixpence off my pay, keep it all to yourself, and I'll swear all your oaths of agreement we made back again, and then seek soldiers where you will.

**TOM.** O Pady how did you end that matter. **PADY.** Arra dear shoy, by the mights of Shaint Patrick, and the help of my own brogs, I both ended it and mended it, for the next night before that, I gave them leg-ball for my fidelity, and then went about the country a fortune teller, dumb and deaf as I was not.

**TOM.** How old was you Pady when you was a soldier. **PADY.** Arra dear honey, I was there dozen all but two, and it is but only two years since, so I want only two years of three dozen more, I'll be older than I am I'll warrant you. **TOM.** O but Pady, by your account you are three dozen of years old already. **PADY.** O! what a big fool are you now Tom, when you count the years I lay sick, which time I count nothing at all.

### *PADY's New Catechism.*

**TOM.** Of all opinions professed in religion, tell me now Pady, of whet profession art thou. **PADY.** Arra dear shoy, my religion was too weighty a matter to carry out of my own dear country; I was afraid that you English presbyterians should pluck it away from me. **TOM.** What Pady, was your religion such a load that you could not carry it along with you. **PADY.**

Yes, that it was, but I carried it always about with me when at home, my sweet cross upon my dear breast, bound to my blessed button hole. **Tom.** And what maner of worship did you perform by that. **Pady.** Why, I admire my crof, the Pope, and the priest, curses Oliver as black as a crow, and swore myself a cut-throat against all protestants and English kirk-men. **Tom.** And what is the matter but von could be a church of England man, or a Scots presbyterian yourself Pady. **Pady.** Because it is unnatural for an Irishman; but had Shaint Patrick been a presbyterian I had been the same. **Tom.** And for what reason would you be a presbyterian then Pady. **Pady.** Because they have a liberty to eat flesh in Lent, and everything that is lovely for the belly. **Tom.** What Pady, are you such a lover of flesh, that you would change your profession for it. **Pady.** O yes, that's what I do; I love flesh of all its kinds, sheep's beef, swine's mutton, hare's flesh, and hen's venison; but our religion is one of the hungriest in all the world: ah! but it makes my teeth to weep, and my belly to water, when I see the Scots churchmen and the English presbyterians in time of Lent, feeding upon bull's bastards, and sheep's young children. **Tom.** Why Pady, do you say the bull is a fornicator, and gets bastards. **Pady.** Arra dear shoy, I never see'd the cow and her husband all the days of my life, nor yet before I was born, going to the church to be married, and what then can his sons and daughters be but bastards.

**Tom.** O Pady, Pady the cow is a cow, and so are you: but what reward will you get when you iv. dead, for punishing your belly so when you are alrea  
**Pady.** By Shaint Patrick, I will live like a king w. ea I am dead, for I will neither pay for meat nor drinke. **Tom.** What Pady, do you think that you are to come alive again, after you are dead. **Pady.** Yes, we that are true Roman Catholicks will live a long time after we are dead when we die in love with the priest, and the god shaints of our profession. **Tom.** And what assurance can your priest give you of that. **Pady.**

Arra dearshoy, our priest is a great shaint and a good shoul, who can repeat a *Pater noster*, and *Ave maria*, which will fight the very horned devil herelf, and make old Nick to run for it until he be like to fall and break his neck. *Tom.* And what does he give you when you are dying, that makes you come alive again. *PADY.* Ay, he writes a letter on our tongue, sealed with a wafer, gives us a sacrament in our mouth, with a pardon, and a direction in our right hand who to call for at the ports of Purgatory. *Tom.* And what entertainment will you get when you are in *PADY.* O my dear, we are all kept here until a general review, which is commonly once in the week, and then we are drawn up like so many young recruits, and all the blackguard scoundrels is pick'd out of the ranks, and the one half of them is sent away to the Elysian fields, to carry h' weed from among the potatoes, and the other half of them to the river Syx, to catch fishes for Shaint Patrick's table, and all them that is owing the priest any money is put into the black hole, and then given into the hands of the great black bitch of a devil which they keep for a hangman, who whips them up one down the im ky dungeon every morning for six months, then holds their bare backides to a great fire, until their hips be all in one blisters; and after all are sent away to the poor parish of Pig traum, where they'll get nothing to eat but cold fawns bargew, and butter milk. *Tom.* And where does your good people go when they're separated from the bad? *PADY.* And where would you have them to go, but into Shaint Patrick's palace, and then they go down into the garden of Eden, now called Paradise: ah! my dear shoy, this is the real fundamental truths of our Romish religion, and a deep doctrine it is; but you English presbyterians and Scott high church men will not believe it, and by Shaint Patrick, neither can I un-till I see more of it come pa. *Tom.* And what business do you follow after at present. *PADY.* Arra, dear shoy I am a mountain sailor, and my supplication is as follows.

*PADDY's Humble Petition, or Supplication.*

**G**OOD Christian people, behold me a man, I who has com'd through a world of wonders, a hell full of hardships, dangers by sea, and dangers by land, and yet I am alive. O ! fee, see my hand crooked like a foal's foot, and that is no wonders at all, considering my sufferings and sorrows : Oh, oh, oh, good people, I was a man in my time, who had plenty of the gold, plenty of the silver, plenty of the clothes, plenty of the butter, the beer, the beef and biscuit. And now, now, I have nothing; being taken by the Turks and relieved by the Spainards, lay fifty-six days at the siege of Gibraltar, got nothing to eat but sea waeck and raw mussels, then put to sea for our safety, cast upon the Barbarian coast among the woeful wicked Algerines, where I was taken and tied with tugs and redders, horse locks and cow chains; then cut and cauterize yards and testicles quite away : If you won't believe, put in your hand and feel how every female's made smooth by the sheer bone, where nothing is to be seen but what is natural. Then made our escape to the desart wide wilderness of Arabia, where we lived among the wild asses, upon wind, sand, and sapless ling. Afterwards put to sea in the hull of an old house, where we were tossed above and below the clouds, being driven through thickets and groves, by fierce, furious, coarse, calm and contrary winds : At last, being cast away upon Salisbury plain, where our vessel was dashed to pieces against a cabbage stock, And now my humble petition to you good Christian people, is, for one hundred of your butter, one hundred of your beef, another of your cheese,

a cask of your bisket, a tun of your beer, a keg of your rum, with a pipe of your wine, a lump of your gold, a piece of your silver, with a few of your halfpence or farthings, a waught of your butter milk, a pair of your old breeckes, stockings, or shooes; or even a chaw of tobacco for charity's sake.

*PADDY's Creed for Romish Believers.*

I Believe the Pope of Rome to be the right heir, and true successor, of Father Peter the Apostle; and that he has a power above the kings of the world; which is spiritual and temporal: Endued with a commission from beyond the grave, and can bring up any departed shoul\* be pleases, even as the woman of Endor brought up Samuel to Saul, \* that is by the same power he can, assisted by the enchantments of Manasseh a king of Israel. to say, or a devil in I believe also in the Romish priests, that they are civil chaste shentlemen, keeps no wives of thir own, but partakes a little of other men's when in secret confession. I acknowledge the worshipping of images relicts of shaints departed to be very just; but they hear and do not help us, they are but a parcel of ungrateful wretchrs.

*PADDY's PSALMS.*

GUD prosper long our noble selves,  
our lives and fortunes all;

A woeful accident there did,  
in Slive-Gallant befal.

2 Some children sliding on the ice,  
upon a summer day

It fell so out they all fell in,  
the rest they run away.

3 But if these children at school had been,  
or yet upon dry ground,

\*Tis ten to one these pretty babes  
had not at all been drown'd.

4 Therefore I advise you parents dear,  
who now no children have,

Nor never hopes for to have none,  
the way you must them have:

5 Be sure to send them to the school,  
and keep the rest at home,  
It will prevent a sudden death  
in such a wat'ry tomb.

6 Or bring them in your hand with you,  
when you come o' the Mafs,  
And there I'll teach them how to live,  
that they may still transgres.

7 And I with holy water will  
spinkle them all over;  
That they may all as sleek'd be,  
like horses on good clover.

8 That they may woful members prove  
to country and to king;  
And their friends and families see  
great destructions bring.

9 Then the Pope and Peter will you curse,  
upon yo' crying day;

And when you come whinging to their gates,  
they'll kick you quite away.

10 For our soul is but a pit of dust,  
your b - y's a puff of wind  
Will wander i' black clouds and farles,  
an never shelter find.

11 Therefore hear what old Roy says,  
By Mr Cloksy's words you'll sick,  
Or my curse will cut you to the bone,  
and lodge thee with Old Nick.

F I N I S.



